Buffet No Jutsu

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Buffet No Jutsu

by BuriedIcon

Summary

Hinata has been hearing about this new buffet place for weeks. Her friends won't stop talking about it! At the same time, she's noticed a softening and widening of their figures, which fills her with no little amount of worry. What's caused these health conscious kunoichi to be entirely okay with stuffing their faces? Whatever the reason, her friends aren't willing to let her sit it out anymore, so it's up to Hinata to go into the belly of the beast and figure it out for herself...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hinata had to admit, she was somewhat nervous about what she was about to do. Logically, she shouldn't be so worried about going to a new buffet, but what she had heard from people was worrying to say the least. Not as worrying as seeing the effects of course, but worrying nonetheless.

All her friends had been going to this new buffet place, the Third Circle, for almost two weeks now, and it showed. Sure, they all gave glowing reviews, but it was like they were entirely unaware of the effect it was having on them. Hinata had seen them put on weight, and yet act like it was nothing; even Ino seemed unaware that she was getting slightly chubby.

And yet they kept trying to get her to go. Now Sakura, Ino, and Tenten were practically dragging her there, unable to stop singing the praises of this place.

“Come on Hinata! There's nothing to worry about.” Sakura's tone was overly cheerful, and it had been since Ino and Tenten had come to invite the two of them to come along. The change had been quick too; one minute Hinata was trying to ask about the bit of flab that had formed over Sakura's middle, the next minute she was entirely oblivious again as her friends chatted eagerly about what they were going to have today.

“Yeah, relax! Look, I know billboard brow can be a bit of a stick in the mud, but this place is great! I promise.” Ino's love of this place made Hinata the most suspicious; she'd always took care of her figure. Now, she had a slight paunch that hung over her skirt, and her shirt didn't exactly fit over her slightly heavier chest. Even her face was slightly rounder now, but still the blonde kunoichi seemed unaware that anything was wrong.

Tenten wrapped her arms around Hinata's shoulders, making it seem like the three girls were practically kidnapping the poor purple haired woman. Like the others though, she was all smiles, almost too cheerful, despite the fact that her pants seemed almost a size too small for her now.

“Come onnnnn, it'll be fun! Think of it like a girls day. You'll love it.”

“H-how many times have you guys been there?”

“It's been open for like, two weeks right? So... eleven times I think?” Ino's face screwed up in puzzlement, like she was trying to figure something out, like she was just about to realize something, only for her face to then go back to the wide grin she had been wearing before. “Though it's not as bad as these two. I swear they've been there every day!”

“I have not! I didn't go the first day, pig.” Sakura huffed, though what she was annoyed about, Hinata didn't know. “Not that I would have missed the opening if I had known it was as good as it was all along.”

“And you have me to thank for that~” Hinata was certain that she'd never seen Tenten this happy before, except when she was getting new weapons. That alone was strange. “I'm so glad I went the first day. I don't know why I thought it was a good idea though...” Like Ino,

Tenten's face suddenly grew puzzled, like she was trying to think of something that was escaping her, before returning to the contented look she wore before. “Oh well, I'm sure it's not important. As long as you're with us today!”

Hinata could only relent as the three kunoichi almost dragged her through the street. She'd given up trying to slow them down, but they seemed like they wanted to run there. Hinata was certain something was wrong, something had to be wrong, to give any place this kind of power over them, and she was going to figure out what it was.

The entrance to the Third Circle was amazingly ordinary, save for the sign with the ornate golden lettering. But the rest of the building seemed like any other shop or restaurant. Her byakugan certainly didn't detect anything weird. It seemed normal.

But once she walked inside, she knew something was wrong. The place was far, far larger than it looked on the outside, and it looked completely different than it had to her eyes from outside. Nothing about this place was normal.

It was a giant room, filled with booths that made hallway-like passages through the entire thing. The floor was made of white marble, and the entire room was lit with elaborate golden candelabras. The booths themselves were clearly made of solid wood, and the cloth used to upholster them had a clearly high thread count. The entire thing seemed impossibly expensive for just a buffet place.

Not that Hinata could say anything quickly, because her friends were back to dragging her to one of the booths. So much for being able to talk them out of it. Maybe she could at least figure out what was in the food, or see something to explain the shadiness of the place. Something, anything, that would shake her friends out of their stupor.

Unfortunately, Hinata wasn't expecting the booth to be so comfortable. As soon as she sat down, her muscles practically melted into it. It was so soft, so plush! Already, her mind struggled to focus on why she was here. She tried to use her byakugan to see more of the place, but somehow the materials of the place prevented her from doing so. That was supposed to be impossible, and yet, she could not deny that it was happening.

At the same time, her friends were happily chatting up each other, in a conversation that Hinata was having a hard time following. It was like they weren't actually saying coherent words, they were just speaking randomly and yet acting like they understood each other. And somehow, it was so enticing to Hinata to think about joining in...

“Hey there! Glad to see you're back!” Hinata was suddenly drawn back out of the trance by a female voice. Blinking, she realized that there was a waitress there, dressed like some kind of noblewoman, smiling widely at all of them. Her friends all instantly broke from their chatter, instantly giving their full, undivided attention to her. It was like they were trained dogs, waiting for more instructions.

“I see we've got someone new~” The woman's voice was so chipper, so shrill, it made Hinata want to shiver, like her voice was hitting octaves not meant for human speech. “I'll make sure to tell the chef~ We always love new customers here. So before I bring out bread and appetizers, does everyone know what they want, or should we go with house choice again?”

“Oh, I can't decide. House choice went so well last time...” Ino seemed conflicted, which was something Hinata had never seen when it came to her and food. Normally, she was so specific on what she ate, so worried about the calories and her figure... It was strange, to say the least.

“Oh let's go with the house again. It hasn't led us wrong yet. And it'll let Hinata try lots of different things.” Sakura's voice seemed almost logical, and it once again seemed to put Ino at ease, given by how quickly the confusion passed from her face. She was back to being all smiles again.

“Oh wonderful! I'll be right back then~” Hinata opened her mouth to say something, but the waitress was already walking away, and her friends were already back to their conversation, one that Hinata found herself being drawn into despite her attempts to avoid it. Perhaps it was the softness of the cushions making her muscles loosen up, or the scents of different foods she couldn't quite place wafting around her, or the strange rhythm of her friends words, but something was drawing her in. Before long, Hinata was talking happily with her friends, though she found she had no idea what she was saying. Nor could she place what her friends were saying. Stranger than that, she found she didn't really care, because she felt so very happy. And why should she want to stop being happy?

The sudden arrival of their waitress instantly snapped Hinata out of the trance she had been in. Not that she felt like she had come out completely, for what she saw made her think that she was still dreaming. The waitress had pushed an entire cart up to their table, and it was piled higher than Hinata sat with all kinds of appetizers. Cheesy breads, onion rings, wings, fries, shirmp, and a dozen other things that all looked like they were made for a glutton. No wonder her friends were getting chubby!

Still, Hinata hadn't expected their table to literally be moved out of the way so that the waitress could wheel the appetizer cart between them; were they supposed to just eat off the cart? Hinata was going to ask, but it seemed like Ino had noticed her apprehension.

“Relax Hinata, it's fine~ Eat up!”

Hinata opened her mouth to say something in return, to perhaps comment that this was not normal, that something was very, very wrong, but before she could, Ino had shoved a fry into her mouth. As soon as she tasted the oily, salty potato, Hinata was lost; it was impossibly good. Her mind barely registered the smile on Ino's face as Hinata turned back and began shoving the greasy appetizers into her own face.

Every bite was heavenly; every flavor was impossibly, sinfully delicious, like they knew exactly how to make each bite better than the last. Hinata ate with a gusto she rarely displayed. It was like the food was so good, that it caused her mind to ignore all sense of decency. Oil coated her lips, but still she ate. Crumbs dropped onto her jacket, but still she ate. Her hands were practically coated in grease, but still she ate. She couldn't stop. She didn't want to stop. She just wanted to eat. That was the only thing that was important to her right now.

She was so lost in her haze that she barely registered the fact that the pile before them was shrinking rapidly, as she and her friends devoured their appetizers. Before long, they were

gone, and the only proof that they were ever there was the cart with oil and crumbs left on it, and the kunoichi who seemed entirely unaware of the fact that they had just become pigs compared to their usual selves. Each of their faces was coated in the oil and grease of the food, as each of them had thrown aside any sense of decency or civility and simply ate with their bare hands.

And it showed. If anything, they seemed like they had shown less restraint than Hinata had; their clothes were already more stained from oily crumbs than her jacket was, and each of them sported tiny, if noticeable bellies; a hand to her own stomach revealed that Hinata had one as well, but any attempt to think on this revelation disappeared as soon as their cart was removed.

Instantly, the empty appetizer cart was replaced with one filled with bread and cheese; loaves and loaves of bread piled as high as Hinata's eyes. She should object, she knew she should, but her hands practically moved on their own, bringing delicious garlic and cheese bread to her mouth and plunging her back into the pleasure and bliss filled haze.

Bite after bite, slice after slice, loaf after loaf she ate. She didn't know how she ate it, and she couldn't bring herself to care. She could feel her belly expanding, feel it compressing all the food she ate inside of it, feel it stretching to accommodate all the food that she was consuming, but still she ate. She felt her waistband tighten, felt her shirt begin to ride up, felt her jacket pushing out as her belly grew, but still she ate. She was possessed by a spirit of hunger, pushed forward to devour everything that was placed in front of her by how good she felt doing so. It was euphoric, almost erotic, how good it felt to eat. She didn't stand a chance.

As she placed the last bite between her lips and swallowed, she heard a pop followed by the release of pressure around her middle. Her belly sagged forward, taut and heavy, laying in her lap like a bowling ball. Hinata blushed, her face red with embarrassment, but her friends seemed not to care at all. Indeed, they only giggled and seemed overjoyed by the event.

“Aw, Hinata... beat me to it.” Ino swallowed hard, and her stomach pressed against her skirt; given her visible midriff, Hinata could see the skin stretching slightly to contain everything within; it really looked like she was currently pregnant. But as Ino relaxed, her belly sagged forward, and burst through her already overtaxed skirt with ease. The blonde's face relaxed, as she leaned back to massage her middle with apparent glee.

Next to her, Sakura did the same, her shorts having already burst sometime during the meal. She almost seemed to be comparing the size of her middle to Ino, though why she'd want to, Hinata didn't know. Somewhere, deep in her mind under the food induced haze, something told her that they should all find this behavior strange.

And yet, that little voice quickly vanished, as Tenten burped loudly beside her, her pants coming undone as her belly lurched forth. It gurgled loudly, causing Tenten to giggle, as she began looking around for something. More food? An escape? Hinata didn't know.

She didn't get a chance to figure it out either. As though on cue, their waitress returned, and once again moved their table out to replace it with another. This one too, was filled with food, but it appeared that the main course had arrived. This one was barbecue, with meats of every kind stacked at least two feet high. It was like a mountain of meat, prepared just for them.

But no one acted like it was strange at all; if anything, they all seemed entirely okay with what was happening to them.

“Alright, I'll leave you with this and be back with the next course when you're ready~” The waitress' high pitched, gleeful voice didn't make Hinata feel any comfort from her words. Next course? There were more courses after this? How was she going to eat so much, let alone more? She had to stop herself, had to stop her friends, had to get out of her before she had to be rolled out...

Unfortunately, the first bite of a smoked rib silenced that voice in her head. Once again, Hinata lost herself to gluttony, devouring smoked and grilled meats alike with equal fervor. Before today, she never would have imagined that she could enjoy food this much, and yet here she was, feasting away without a care in the world. It was so good, she swore that she was getting slightly wet, but it passed from her mind quickly. Her mind was too focused, too enthralled by the food she needed to consume.

Her face quickly became covered in sauces, as did her hands and jacket, and yet she didn't care. Normally, she'd have found her descent into slobishness to be entirely unlike her, but the food practically covered up her sense of shame. All she possessed was a sense of hunger. All that mattered was sating it.

All around her, her friends did the same. Sakura seemed willing to shove large slabs of meat into her face, as though unwilling to make sure it would actually fit in her mouth. Somehow she made it work, likely due to her incredibly strong muscles.

Next to her, Ino practically shoved her face into the pile like a pig, getting sauce all over her face, not caring at all that she was becoming exactly like her namesake. Her entire front became covered in meat juices and sauces, but still she ate, throwing all care to the wind as she did so.

Tenten was perhaps the only one that tried to get her food into reasonably sized chunks, tearing the meat apart with her hands before stuffing her face with it. This had the effect of making her face less messy at the cost of her clothing; her normally white outfit was quickly stained by all the meat that coated her front.

And yet, the girls continued to eat. Stopping never even entered their minds. They had been seized by gluttony itself, overcome by the need to eat, by the need to feast, and nothing was going to stop them. Nothing, except the removal of the food in front of them.

By the time the four girls had finished the pile of meat, they had begun to look considerably different. Hinata could feel herself getting softer, feel her pants tightening, feel her butt and thighs getting fatter with every bite she took. Her breasts were heavier, her arms thicker in her sleeves, but she couldn't bring herself to want to stop. She wanted more. She was still hungry.

Across from her, Ino's shirt had become even tighter across her shirt, each heavy breasts laying atop her dome of a middle. Her arms were fat enough that they no longer had the defined muscles that she had possessed when she had walked in, and her face was becoming considerably rounder compared to her normally angular features. She shifted somewhat

uncomfortably, making her skirt creak audibly; apparently, Hinata wasn't the only one whose figure was filling out. Ino was just the one with the most visible skin, so she showed the most change.

Next to her, Sakura laid back lazily, her breasts straining her small shirt for the first time in her entire life. Yet she showed no sign of displeasure; if anything, she seemed to welcome it based on the smile on her face. Her belly was considerably larger than either Ino's or Hinata's, laying atop her legs like some kind of monument to her own gluttony.

Next to Hinata, Tenten shifted, and a loud rip signaled that her butt had finally grown too large for her pants. The bun haired kunoichi let out a contented sigh as the pressure was released, her now split pants giving her butt and hips slightly more room to grow. It appeared her figure was becoming entirely pear shaped, unlike all her friends whose figures were more evenly distributed.

Not that there was much time to consider what was happening to them. Almost as soon as the girls had polished off all the barbecue, the table was replaced with one piled high with sandwiches. When that was done, it was replaced again with fish and seafood, and then with more cooked meats, and then with breakfast foods... The food never seemed to end.

Of course, Hinata was extremely aware of what all this was doing to her figure. Her entire body was fattening up, every bite like a pound, causing her to become extremely pudgy as the feasting continued. Plump fingers replaced her formerly lithe ones, as everything about her became rounder and heavier. Her arms began to become packed into the sleeves of her jacket, causing it to tear slightly as she moved to feed herself. Her chest, already ample, grew heavier and fatter with every bite, as it broke her bra and used her tshirt underneath for that purpose instead. Her belly became extremely flabby, sagging all over her lap, as her pants began to burst at the seams trying to contain her expanding thighs and butt. Her pants had already split from behind and down the sides; it was just a matter of time before they burst off completely. Even her jacket's zipper was struggling to contain her rounder body, stretching and straining as it was.

Across from her, Sakura's body was going through equally radical changes. Her shorts, already overtaxed, had completely torn off of her, unable as they were to stretch across her ass or thighs. Her chest had burst open her top, letting her breasts lay freely across her belly. Strangely enough, everything about Sakura's growth seemed well distributed, which was vastly different to her two other friends.

Ino seemed to be getting rounder all over, almost becoming like a ball with how fat she was getting. Her arms were round, her legs were round, her face was round. Her body seemed to be growing outward more than anything else, something that had quickly stretched her clothing to its limit. Her skirt, already struggling to contain her thighs and butt, had split down the sides and burst off of her, causing her entire body to jiggle as a result. Her shirt had stretched as far as it could, each of the buttons puckering and causing large gaps to appear between them, before they burst off, one after the other, as her breasts pushed forth. It appeared that she had simply decided not to wear a bra today; had she been expecting this to happen? Still, her back and sides had fattened up and rounded out, causing her arms to be

forced up, even as she continued eating. The blonde seemed overjoyed, elated even, despite her growing roundness.

Tenten meanwhile was entirely pearshaped. Her thighs and butt had fattened the most, and they had fattened the fastest, until her pants were nothing more than shredded fabric and a faint memory. Her legs practically flowed out, pushing Hinata sideways slightly, even as Tenten started to sit higher due to how large her ass had become. Unlike the other three, Tenten's chest hadn't gotten that large; it hadn't even broken her shirt. Her breasts only barely strained it, while her heavy belly simply pushed her shirt upwards. Her face at least showed her weight, as it became almost as round as one of her hair buns.

Hinata was shocked to see herself and her friends like this. She'd never been this heavy, nor had she ever seen any of them this heavy, nor could she imagine a universe where any of them were okay with being this heavy. And yet, she couldn't object to it; any attempt to think anything negative was drowned out by all the positive, pleasurable feelings swirling around in her mind. The four kunoichi busied themselves with idle chatter, but what any of them were talking about or laughing about, Hinata couldn't tell. She couldn't find it within herself to care either.

The idle chatter didn't stop until the next course came: dessert. The girls practically squealed in joy and excitement, as pastries of every size and shape were wheeled in front of them. Unlike before, Hinata didn't wait to start eating, nor did she waste a single second thinking that she shouldn't eat. She was lost completely to the gluttony that had overtaken her, lost completely to the desires she was indulging. Every cream filled eclair, every frosted brownie, every chocolate cookie, every donut and churro was eaten with gusto, the frosting and filling covering her body as she relented in the fact of the pleasure.

Hinata's pants finally burst off her, flab spilling outwards across the booth. Her jacket zipper, already strained, whined and groaned audibly, entirely unable to continue resisting her body's growth. With a bang like a gunshot it snapped, her jacket bursting open as her pale, fatty flesh spilled forth. Her tshirt was barely hanging on now, even as a bra, and Hinata felt her jacket sleeves breaking open as her fatty arms resisted their attempts to contain her. She began to look less like a person, and more like a mountain of fat, swelling as she was so quickly. But she couldn't stop eating. She needed to keep eating. She needed more. She couldn't stop.

All around her, her friends did the same. Sakura looked much like Hinata did, as her own clothing began to tear off one after the other, her flesh spilling forth around her. Ino's figure continued to become rounder, making her look almost like a ball, as her skin strained to hold her fat back. Tenten was perhaps the flabbiest, her entire figure spilling out everywhere.

And still the girls continued to eat. Every bite made them fatter. Every bite gave them more pleasure. They barely looked like people anymore, just blobs of fat covered in crumbs and sauces and cream and little bits of their meals.

At some point, they stopped being able to reach the trays that had been brought for them, so fat and immobile were they. Then, and only then, did they stop eating, as they girls moaned happily, now content with their meal. Finally, the spirit of gluttony had left them. Finally, they were full. But at what cost? Hinata couldn't speak, let alone move; she could only moan as she realized just how much she had let herself go. She was massive; at least four times

larger than when she started; and yet she couldn't find it within herself to regret what happened. If anything, she was upset that she couldn't do it again.

“Oh, I see you've all finished~” There was that voice again. Hinata's mind strained to remember who it belonged to, through the haze of food and pleasure. It seemed so far away, so long ago.

“Oh look at you! You've gotten so plump and fat! I think some of you have even gotten bigger than last time~”

The girl massaged Ino's fat, causing the blonde to moan even louder, though Hinata had no idea what she meant by last time. Was this normal? How could it be? None of them had been this large when they had walked in.

“Okay dears, I'll have you wheeled to the back to finish up, and you all come back and see me again soon, alright?” The girl winked at them, before disappearing, leaving Hinata to wonder just what was in store for them.

She didn't have to wonder long. The booths they were in moved sideways into the isles, before moving them back towards the kitchen, almost like they were on one of those amusement park rides. The doors to what Hinata thought was the kitchen opened, but instead, there was only darkness.

In there, she lost track of where Ino and Sakura were, despite them having been right in front of her a moment ago. She lost track of Tenten, despite the fact that she had been right next to her a second before. In the darkness, Hinata was alone, and her eyes darted about trying to find something, anything that would tell her where she was or where she was going.

Suddenly, Hinata felt a warmth in her core, as pleasure greater than any she'd ever felt before exploded within her. Her body suddenly came alight, erotic bliss flooding all her senses like a dam bursting inside her. Hinata came, and then came again, and then continued to cum until she thought she might go mad, until her voice became hoarse and she lost the ability to scream. And yet still, she continued to cum, as the pleasure erupted endlessly within her. She no longer felt human, she was merely a spirit experiencing endless pleasure, as she lost track of where her body or limbs were in the darkness. There was just her, the pleasure, and a pair of red eyes staring down at her with a decidedly wide and content smile to go with them.

It felt like hours were passing, as Hinata continued to experience mind meltingly powerful bliss; there was nothing but the pleasure, nothing but the arousal, there was nothing at all. Just that. Only that. It was all that was important.

And then it stopped.

Hinata blinked through bleary eyes, as the booth she was sitting on moved back out into the light, moving back into the place it had been before when she was eating. Around her, her friends had equally bleary eyed expressions, with one decidedly noticeable change: they weren't fat anymore.

Sure, they were chubby, even more so than when they came in. Ino's shirt was stretched even more across her chest, and Sakura's belly was now a gut, and Hinata swore that Tenten's pants were still split. But they were all at least human shaped again. Hinata patted herself down; aside from a more noticeable gut and an inch or so to her rear, she was normal.

Yet none of the girls seemed at all worried about what had happened.

“Ah, that was so goood~” Ino seemed practically enthralled, her voice practically a moan, as she leaned forward.

“For once I agree with you, pig.” Sakura rubbed her middle seemingly at peace with her figure. “Now get out of the way so I can stand up.”

Tenten was already standing and stretching, her ass pushing the tear in her pants ever wider, and yet she paid it no mind. “I'm going to need bigger pants before I come back I think...”

“I'm going to need a new wardrobe before I come back I think,” Ino retorted, seemingly entirely calm about her heavier form. “Or maybe it'd be more fun to see how long this one lasts me. It's kind of fun that way.”

Hinata opened her mouth to object, to try and talk some sense into her friends, but instead, all that came out was, “Y-yeah, you guys should probably prepare. Thanks for bringing me by the way.”

“Aw, you're welcome Hinata!” Tenten hugged the purple haired girl tightly, revealing to Hinata that it wasn't just the girl's rear that had become softer.

“So, want to c-come back tomorrow?” Hinata was shocked that she said that; shouldn't she be worried? Worried about... about... what was she trying to be worried about again? Every time she tried to think of what it was she had been concerned about, it vanished like smoke in the wind until she forgot she had been worried at all. Instead, a pleased and content smile appeared on her face, the same one that all her friends had.

“O-or maybe later tonight for dinner?”

End Notes

So I wanted to do something with four different people expanding, which is more than I've done before now; I usually like to keep it to one or two so it doesn't get repetitive. Still, I think I kept it fresh enough and interesting enough while not slowing the pacing to a crawl at the same time. As always, please give feedback, I would love to hear your thoughts and suggestions!

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